

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VII.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY. DECEMBER 4, 1885.

NUMBER 97

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in ad-
vance \$1.00
One copy, six months \$1.00
No subscriptions (even on time and all papers
stopped when out).
One copy free to any one sending us a
early cash antecedents.

DYSPEPSIA

is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint.
It requires a careful and inspiring attention, and
deserves the time of the system, to prepare the way
for Rapid Decline.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS — THE
BEST TONIC.
Quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia in all
its forms. It is a powerful Remedy, equaling
the specific, and aids in assimilating food.
It is the best Remedy for the Stomach, and
Indigestion, and is a valuable Remedy for
constipation. Also consider it a splendid tonic
and a valuable Remedy for all Diseases of the
Gastro-intestinal tract. It cures and removes
wraps. Take a little. Made only by
H. B. BROWN, 100 Main Street, Hopkinsville, Ky.
Ladies' Hand Book—useful and attractive,
containing the principal information about
cooking, etc., given away by all Cooks in America,
or mailed to any address on receipt of 25c stamp.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALBERT B. TAVEL
HAS NOW IN STORE A VERY LARGE
STOCK OF

BLANK BOOKS,
Invoices and Letter Books, Letter Presses,
Gold and Steel Pens, and

STATIONERY GENERALLY.
All of which will be sold at Moderate Prices
at 140 Union Street,

Nashville, Tenn.

HENRY & PAYNE,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
Rear Room over Planters' Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

(Jan 1-1885)

ARTIFICIAL TEETH
Inserted in Fifteen minutes after natural
ones are extirpated, by

R. R. BOURNE,
DENTIST.
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Campbell & Medley
DENTISTS,
Over Jones & Co.'s Store.
Main St. Hopkinsville Ky.

NOTICE
TO EMIGRANTS
AND
EXCURSIONIST

Desiring to Go To
ARKANSAS AND TEXAS

REMEMBER THE

Great Through Car
ROUTE.

24 Hours Quicker than Any Other
Route.

Only One Change of Cars to Texas
via

Memphis and Little Rock
RAILROAD!

2 Trains Through to
Texas Daily.

Remember if you want Low Rates
and Quick Time, this is the Route
you should purchase Tickets by.

Books and Maps of Arkansas and
Texas Furnished Free by writing to

R. A. WILLIAMS,
"Southern Passenger" Agent.

Nashville, Tenn.

J. B. FRANKLIN,
Passenger Agent, Memphis, Tenn.

D. MILLER, G. P. F. A.,
Little Rock, Ark.

RUDOLPH FINK, Gen. Manager,
Little Rock, Ark.

FIRE.

I am tired. I have played
Tires from busy marts and streets;
I am tired—rest is sweet.
I am tired. I have had
What has made my spirit glad,
What has made my spirit sad.
I am tired. I have had
Gultimo showers and scattered grain,
They has not been spent in vain.
I am tired. Eventide
Bids me lay my cares aside,
Bids me lay my hopes aside.
I am tired. I have had
To sleep without a fear,
Let me die without a fear.
I am tired. I would rest
As the bird within the cage;
I am tired. Home is best.

A SEA TRAGEDY.

An Awful Story of Mutiny and
Murder.

Bloody Affray Between the Brave Captain
and Mate of a Brig and a Murderous
Crew—His Son Killed—The Captain
was Executed Two Men.

After a cruise of eighteen months Captain Eastrom of the brig Natal was glad to get around and see his old acquaintances. His friends, who liked him always, now looked upon him with a new interest, as the man who had lived through the bloody mutiny of which they had read a brief account in the morning papers. Captain Eastrom is a man whom no one would care to trust with unless it were absolutely necessary. His shoulders are broad, his chest deep, and when he shakes hands with any one the memory of his squeeze remains. The Captain's face, bronzed by the sun and seamed with deep scars, plainly showed through his red hair, which the crew called "the Captain's hair." Neither understood surgery, and the best they could do was to bathe them and diminish the flow of blood by binding the wounds with lint.

When this was done both felt easier, and began to cast about for methods of revenge and for regaining control of the vessel. On the wall over the Captain's bunks were fastened an African leather shield and two assegais, placed crosswise. The shield was clearly useless, but the assegais might do to strike the mutineers. The mutine was about to take them down, but just then the Captain recollects something better. He opened his locker and took out a rifle and a brace of revolvers. When they were carefully loaded the two officers stood forth. The mate had one of the Captain's revolvers and the other he had picked up, and the Captain had the rifle and a revolver. As they had not been serious, they might have been taken for a couple of Robins in Crusoe. But this thought didn't occur to the mutineers. They stood at the door, armed with axes and captain's bars, and began the fight at once. But the number of firearms demoralized them. They had no time to fight much before a half dozen bullets flew around and sent them scattering forward with the Captain and mate in pursuit. The forward hatch was open and Toton, Rufus, another seaman, the carpenter, and the steward jumped down to wild haste. They liked to fight with sleeping on best.

One of the seamen did not succeed in getting out of sight. Johansen was the only one who had looked much disturbed as he tried to make himself small behind the captain. He had a captain's bar in his hand, but it didn't look very formidable when the mate, with his two revolvers, and the Captain, with his rifle all ready, came at him from different directions. That was too much, and Johansen expressed a wish to yield. The Captain's first instinct was to shoot every one engaged in so cowardly an attack, but Johansen's part of the mutiny had been quiet, and the Captain told him he might live. If he would go to work. A little later the Captain discovered the murder of his son, and regretted his clemency, but he kept his word.

For four days the Captain and mate worked the vessel, with Johansen at the wheel. Their wounds caused them excruciating pain, and even constant submersions with salt water could not ward off the aggravating effect of the hot climate. On the afternoon of the fourth day the Captain had made up his mind what to do, and he told the mate about it, who agreed with him. The Captain was to shoot every one engaged in so cowardly an attack, but Johansen's part of the mutiny had been quiet, and the Captain told him he might live. If he would go to work. A little later the Captain discovered the murder of his son, and regretted his clemency, but he kept his word.

"Then, for the first time, I noticed that the steward was standing near the door, holding in his hand a narrow, long-bladed axe used in the galley, patiently awaiting his turn. He struck at the carpenter, who had just come to the long couch, where you see the long scar. It was a very deep cut. I could see my teeth through it for several days. Then he cut me two or three times in the forehead, but, of course, he couldn't get through the bone. I said to myself: 'You must do something or you'll be killed.' Fortunately the steward was letting us have the light alone. Just as I said this the carpenter stuck the knife in my neck. It didn't go into the middle, as he wanted it to, but went in under my right ear, here where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter. When the knife went through on the other side, I grabbed it with my right hand to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward. It was coming out all over him, too. I suppose the carpenter and the steward were forcing the knife inward to keep it in there so that he couldn't use it any more. Then he did what only a sneak would do. He snatched it round and round, trying to get in deep enough to eat a big relish. It is twisting around in my neck that makes that scar look so funny—it didn't heal smooth. While he was forcing the knife inward I forced it outward. At last I forced it out of my neck altogether, and got it up in the kitchen where you see the funny looking scar mixed up with the one made by the carpenter and the steward

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1885.

TIME TABLE FOR TRAINS.

DEPART SOUTH	5:20 and 6:25 A. M.; 1:15 P. M.
DEPART NORTH	10:30 and 11:45 A. M.; 4:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM SOUTH	10:30 A. M.; 4:30 P. M.
ARRIVE FROM NORTH	5:20 A. M.; 4:30 P. M.
TIME Table of C. & O. & S. W. R. R.	
GOING SOUTH.	
Ly. Louisville 9:20 A. M.	
" 10:25 P. M.	
" Nortonville 9:25 P. M.	
" 10:30 P. M.	
GOING NORTH.	
Ly. Memphis 11:45 P. M.	
" 12:15 A. M.	
" Nortonville 11:30 A. M.	
POST OFFICE—North Main Street.	7:30 P. M.
Open for letters, <u>Monday</u> —A. M. to 4 P. M.	
" " money orders—A. M. to 4 P. M.	
" " delivery, <u>Sunday</u> —8:45 to 4:15 P. M.	
SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE,	
Russellville St.	
Open S. A. M. to 5 P. M.	



The name it bore in years gone by
Gone, street no longer bears,
Instead of Nashville, now 'tis Ninth—
We're putting on city airs.

SOCIALITIES.

Miss Lizzie Trabue, of Aliensville, Ky., is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. W. S. Gordon, of Madisonville, is attending Circuit Court.

Mr. Jno. B. Gray, manager of the Trenton Creamery, was in the city Wednesday.

Mr. Frank Monroe, late of Russellville, has accepted a position as compositor in the New Era office.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Rauh, of Cincinnati, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Bert Rosenbaum.

Mr. Mack Layne, of Fairview, has returned from a six weeks' sojourn at Hot Springs, Ark.

Mr. Press H. Robinson, postmaster at Kirkmansville, and his daughter, Miss Carrie, are in the city Monday.

Mr. Jas. B. Rutherford, of Creston, Iowa, conductor on the C. B. & Q. Railroad, is visiting the family of his father, Mr. Jas. Rutherford.

Miss May Blumenthal leaves to-day for Evansville, where she will spend several weeks visiting her cousin, Miss Maggie Blumenthal.

Mr. X. H. Edmunds, of Bellview, has moved to the city to live and is occupying his cottage on the corner of Liberty and Thirteenth streets.

Messrs. J. D. Clardy, J. A. Brown, T. L. Graham and J. M. Clark, will leave Monday for Harrodsburg to attend the meeting of the Kentucky State Grange.

Mr. O. T. Torian and family left yesterday for Paducah, Ky., where they will live in the future. We regret to lose so useful a citizen as Mr. Torian from our county.

Mr. C. H. Layne and Mr. D. G. Moore, of Fairview, who arranged to go to Texas, concluded at the last moment that Kentucky was a good enough state for them and will run Mr. Mack Layne's farm next year.

TOBACCO SALES.

Sales by Gant & Gathier Co., Dec. 2nd, 1885, of 8 hds., as follows:

2 hds. old lugs—\$4 00, 4 25.
4 " " new common leaf—\$5 10,
4 60, 4 50, 4 80.

2 hds. old leaf—\$6 00, 5 00.

The market as will be seen by the above prices was the lowest opening sale for several years past. It is the general opinion of tobacco men that we will have to look for low prices during the season.

Sales of 6 hds. tobacco by Wheeler, Mills & Co., Dec. 2, '85, as follows:

1 hds. good medium new leaf—\$8 60.
1 hds. common new leaf—\$5 00.
1 " " lugs—\$2 50.

1 " " good " " 10
2 hds. common old leaf—\$5 60,
5 25.

Prices fully one and a half cents lower than last year on common leaf and lugs. We hope to see prices some-what higher, but think they will continue at least one cent under the range of '84 and '85. We advise our friends to carefully assert and prize their tobacco, holding same for sale until after the new year.

THE LOCAL MARKET.

Reported by Jas. D. Ware, broker.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Dec. 2, 1885.

Receipts for week..... 12 hds.
Sales for week..... 10 hds.

For the year..... 174 hds.

For the year..... 93 hds.

Common lugs..... 3 1/2 @ 4 1/2
Medium lugs..... 4 1/2 @ 5

Good to fine lugs..... @ 5.

Acreage..... 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2

Common leaf..... 6 1/2 @ 7 1/2

Good to fine leaf..... 8 1/2 @ 9

Wrappers..... @ 9.

The offerings for the week were about 60 hds., the larger proportion being old tobacco. The new crop so far shows very inferior quality, which is generally the case with all early deliveries. The price seemed low to sellers, compared with last season.

Candler's Stock Sale.

Polk Candler sold at his regular stock sale last Saturday five head horses and mules, and eleven head cattle as follows:

Large brown harness horse aged..... 32 1/2
Small sorrel mare..... 26 1/2
" " black mare..... 26 1/2
Brown farm horse..... 25 00
" " mare..... 25 00

Jersey milk cow..... 25 00

" " " 24 00

8 Jersey heifers..... 20 00

8 scrub yearlings..... 15 00

There were two Jersey cows and several horses and mules rejected.

Next sale Saturday Dec. 26, 1885.

Church Services.

Preaching Lord's day at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M., Subject of the morning discourse: "The Spirit and Tendencies of the Age." Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

HERE AND THERE.

For rent for 1886, a cottage on the corner of Clay and Eleventh streets. Apply at this office.

All the new store-rooms in the new Main St. block, between Seventh and Eighth, have been rented.

Mrs. H. I. Martin has leased the Burbridge house on the southwest corner of Clay and Tenth streets and will keep a boarding house next year.

The Lotus Literary Society will give an entertainment at Bethel Female College this evening. An admission of 25 cents will be charged.

Small crowds have been in attendance at Circuit Court this week. None but unimportant civil cases have come on for trial.

Mr. C. M. Lathan has moved into his new store room, west side Main St., opposite his former stand and invites his friends to call on him.

Since the pavement on Ninth street has been raised the small trees near the corner of Main need trimming up to keep the limbs from knocking off hails and tearing umbrellas.

There is some talk of establishing a but of the Oriental Order of Hui-Min in the city. Those who are interested can call on Park Gleason as he has all the works.

We intend to press before the entertainment given by the ladies of the Ninth St. Presbyterian church come off last night. They were expecting to have a big house.

There is no longer a Clarksville street in this city and now that we have nothing to remind us of our neighbor across the line we are apt to forget that there is such a village in existence.

Since the first of the month four couples have been granted license to wed, viz.:

J. R. Rogers to M. J. Rogers.

Willis Adcock to Julia Henderson.

Edward Weil to Orrie Luckley.

Benj. N. Morris to Emily Thaxton.

The council has ordered that all the trees on Main street between Eleventh and Central Avenue (the street south of the court house heretofore known as Short street) shall be cut down. There are but four. One is at the corner of Central Avenue, one at Seventh, one at Eighth and one at Eleventh. The trees in front of the Court square will not be molested.

The Y. M. C. A. has rented the rooms now occupied by Mrs. Martin, up stairs on the southwest corner of Main and Eighth streets, for its use next year. The location is a very desirable one. The Association is in a very flourishing condition. Another mass meeting will be held at the Methodist church next Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m., to which the public is invited.

Messrs. Jas. Pye & Co., have moved their clothing store from the Opera House building to the new Lathan building, two doors from the corner of Seventh street, on west side of Main. They are extensive dealers in clothing and gent's furnishing goods, and merchant tailoring is a special feature of their business. They will be glad to see their friends at their new stand.

Mr. Irvin Foster, a son of Mr. C. Foster, was married last Saturday to Mrs. Sallie Durham, who lived near Haddock's school-house. Mr. Foster is five years younger than his bride, being only 20 years of age. Mrs. Durham is a daughter of Jas. Priddy, Esq. The ceremony was pronounced by Judge W. P. Winfree. The groom is a nephew of Chife of Police Biggerstaff.

The Clarksville Board of Trade has elected the following four tobacco inspectors:

R. J. Ellis and C. T. Rudolph, Montgomery county, Tenn.; T. L. Porter, Todd county and Austin Peay, Christian county, Ky. There were about 25 candidates for the places. Each position is worth about \$2,500 a year, a sum large enough to be worth scrambling for. This is the first season Clarksville has ever had a bonded inspection.

I have been informed that the lot is out that I am armed and that I say I'll kill who ever comes to arrest me. I will say that I have always been willing to give up to any white officer of either county. Nor will I run till I get scared.

THE OTHER SIDE.

SAM RADFORD ON THE ADCOCK SHOOTING AFFAIR.

It appears that there is nothing in the case.

CALEDONIA, KY., Dec. 2, 1885.
ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

I feel that a great injustice has been done me by an article in your last issue and therefore beg you to submit to your readers the following: On Wednesday, Nov. 25th, I sent my wagon loaded with farming tools to my father's farm, by a colored man, Wm. Torian, telling him to start a plow where my father would direct, but being delayed he never reached there till late in the day. After unloading tools he started to where my father now lives to spend the night and meeting him at his gate on his land, but which made an entrance through W. E. Adcock's field, was told by him that he had no weed at home and to turn the wagon round and go up the fence and get some. He was told by father to leave the gate open as darkness would soon be upon them. At this moment Joe Adcock came up and ordered him to close the gate, with the threat if he did not he would kill him. To this he refused and Adcock then drew a long knife, 6 or 8 inches long, and pursued him down the road a good way. He then turned upon father in the same manner and with the same knife in hand and told him if he passed there the next morning he would cut his head off. So the next morning Torian told my father that he was afraid of Adcock and was going home, but would stay and run the plow if he would go to Caledonia and get his pistol and tell me to come. So father arrived late on the 26th and told me of William's request, and going to the cabin to get his pistol I found the doors and windows fastened, so I could not enter. I then got my gun and started to Christian. On the morning of the 27th I told William to plow on, that Joe Adcock was trying to scare him, because he did not want me to live by him, and after going to mill and doing other work on the farm father came to show me the ground he desired me to cultivate. As we had to go through several briar patches and up an old fence row I took my gun to kill rabbits, should I find any. After being shown my ground we started home and I told father to go and tell William to loose his team and that I would stay and cut briars till they came by and I laid down my gun and went to cutting briars. Soon I saw a hare in the briars, I thought to kill it and raising my eyes to see my gun, I saw Adcock in the opposite direction 40 or 50 yards off. I think I'll kill the rabbit and scare Adcock too and let him know I don't fear him. By the time I fired I think he must have been 75 or 80 yards off, as he was riding fast. Before I fired he had turned towards the south, I fired toward the west. I think I was unseen by him. He had come through father's farm and was on his right of way. I had been informed in the morning that he and family had gone to his daughter's, therefore I was not expecting to see him. Last December my wife, who is his sister, deserted me and carried my two children to his house, at his instigation. He also tried to induce her to sue for a divorce. She subsequently returned and our domestic relations have since been very pleasant. I think I will hold him and others if he meddled with my family affairs again I would kill him or he would kill me. As for Jones and Woodbridge I know the trouble I am in is honeycomb to them.

Short Wraps worth \$20.00 which we offer for \$12.50. Short Wraps worth \$18.50 for \$11.00. Short Wraps worth \$16.50 for \$10.00.

Newmarkets worth \$20.00 we offer for \$15.00. Newmarkets worth \$16.50 for \$12.40. Same worth \$15.00 for \$11.00 and a large line of low priced goods from \$6.00 to \$10.00.

Our Mr. J. M. Frankel has just returned from Cincinnati where he has purchased a very large stock of Cloaks, far below their value. They consist of short Wraps, Newmarkets and Russian Circulairs. Amongst the lot are

Short Wraps worth \$20.00 which we offer for \$12.50. Short Wraps worth \$18.50 for \$11.00. Short Wraps worth \$16.50 for \$10.00.

Newmarkets worth \$20.00 we offer for \$15.00. Newmarkets worth \$16.50 for \$12.40. Same worth \$15.00 for \$11.00 and a large line of low priced goods from \$6.00 to \$10.00.

Also have en route a tremendous stock of Suits and Overcoats, which were bought at a sacrifice, and which we will sell at such low prices that will astonish our competitors. Be sure to examine our stock before making any purchases.

"Old Reliable." M. FRANKEL & SONS.

Why Will You Hesitate? S. D. RADFORD.

The members of Green River Lodge are requested to meet at their hall on Friday night Dec. 4, for work in the Initiatory degree.

Rev. C. E. W. Dobie, a well-known Baptist preacher, of Columbus, Miss., was married last Tuesday to Miss Florence Hull, of Louisville.

The largest tobacco ever raised in south Ballard, Ky., was grown on the land of R. B. Neville, one mile east of Arlington, by L. A. Ramsey and Samuel P. Page. Ten plants when cut, of Itams' crop, weighed 35 pounds, and when well cured and stripped weighed 7 1/2 pounds. Of Samuel P. Page's crop ten plants when cut weighed 46 pounds, and when cured and stripped weighed 10 pounds. These two crops were of about eleven acres, and it is all cut and hung in R. B. Neville's barn.—L. A. R. in Paducah News.

Warning.

A nice line of Work Boxes and PLUSH GOODS at Wilson & Galbreath's.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous, weakless early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE.

This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

Call at the office of Long, Garnett & Co., to-day, pay your taxes and save costs.

WALTER F. GARNETT, Co.

Church Services.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

NASHVILLE STREET.
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch one line, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$9.00; twelve months, \$15.00.
One column one line, \$1.00; one week, \$1.50; six months, \$9.00; twelve months, \$15.00.
For further information apply for card of rates.

Special locals 50 cents per inch for each insertion; among which is a 20 cent per line. Military, 50 cents per line. Resolutions of corps, announcements of festivals, concerts, &c., toll entertainments where an admittance fee is charged, 5 cents per line for each insertion.

Cheap Club Rates.

Subscribers to the *SOUTH KENTUCKIAN* will be given the benefit of the following cheap club rates with other papers and periodicals:

S. K. & N. R. R. Semi-Weekly	\$1.00
" " " Commercial	3 10
" " " Farmers' Journal	2 25
" " " and the like	2 25
Daily N. Y. World	5 50
Semi-Weekly	5 50
Weekly World	5 50
" " " N. Y. Sun	5 50
" " " Little's Living Age	5 50
" " " Tribune	5 50
" " " Detroit Free Press	2 90
" " " Peck's Sun	5 10
" " " Hodge's Lady's Book	8 00
" " " Demarest's Monthly	8 00
" " " Leslie's Popular Monthly	4 00
" " " Cottage Hearth	2 50

THE WEED.

General Tobacco News.

THE LOUISVILLE MARKET.

Sales during the week were only moderate considering the season of year, at an even range of prices the past two weeks, except an occasional good sweet Burley which ranged a trifle better. For the common and medium grades of old there has been no notable change—all grades of the new crop are in demand and active. On Tuesday especially good sales were made of common to medium leaf and some of the dark types suited to cigar wants. This class of tobacco must come to market well handled, in fair order and good weight packages, say from 1400 to 1500 net, in order to issue good competition and fair prices. The markets in the lower part of the State are generally about $\frac{1}{2}$ cent a pound lower than at this date last year, with but little inclination on the part of farmers to sell, which may have a hardening tendency after awhile.

The weather too has not been over favorable for any very large delivery which may also have a desirable effect on prices for tobacco wanted for immediate use. Thursday being Thanksgiving, there were no sales, hence making sale days one less this week. To-day this market marks up 120,116 lbs. against 72,456 same time last year.

The tobacco barn of Archie Roper, a farmer, near Fulton, containing 5,000 pounds of tobacco, has been destroyed by an incendiary. A man named Seep was arrested for the crime, but, after an examining court had held him over to appear before the grand jury, he managed to escape from his guards.

From reliable information we learn the crop in what is known as the Eastern District and Blue Grass Section is considerably less than last year, variously estimated at 25 to 33 per cent.

Near Payne's Depot the barn and contents, grain, hay, etc., nine acres tobacco, belonging to J. H. Kuthen, was burned. Loss \$2,800; insurance \$1,800.

OBITUARY.

ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

I returned home this morning from Canton, in which place I was called yesterday morning, to preach the funeral of Seiden T. Major late of Clarksville, Tenn. This very estimable young man was the son of C. H. and M. J. Major, of Canton, Ky. His early opportunities were good and he acquired a good business education; for several years, he had been connected with a business firm in Clarksville, Tenn. Such was his gentlemanly bearing and honorable dealing, that he made friends of all with whom he had business transactions. He was universally popular among the young people, handsome in person, polished in manners, refined and cultivated, he made friends in every circle in which he moved. A few months since his health began to decline, and he returned to his parental home, to spend his last days. Some months since he professed faith in Christ, and on the 18th of Oct. last, was baptized by the water and received into the Baptist church in Canton, Ky. His last hours were peaceful and hopeful, not a cloud in his way, in the midst of loved ones who breathed his last on the 23rd ult., leaving fond parents, brothers and sisters, and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. Farewell young brother!

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Rests thy pure spirit now,
Even while with us thy last steps tread
Hence is on thy bony.

Dust to its narrow home beneath,
Soul to its place on high.

They that say thy soul is dead,
No more may fear to die.

Love is the path and sad the hour,
Since thy bright smile is gone.

But oh a brighter hour than ours,
In Heaven is now thine own."

M.

Five at a Birth.

A remarkable story comes from Henry county, Ohio, just west of Toledo, which, if it were not thoroughly substantiated, would be hardly credible. It is to the effect that several days ago the wife of Wilhelm Freund, a German farmer, gave birth to five children, all boys, and that all the infants were well formed and alive. When a correspondent investigated this stupendous increase he found that the event is but one of a series that have happened in this interesting family. Mrs. Freund is thirty-six years of age, and after her nineteen years of married life has given birth to twenty-one children, eighteen of whom are now alive. The other three lived to various ages over a year.

The mother is described as a comely German woman, rambond and spare, and the father short and solid, but not portly. This happy couple live on a small farm, which the husband tills with the assistance of his numerous progeny. Some of the children, it is said, were born in the hay field, where the mother was at work.—ED.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30, 1885.
To THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

Once more the flags are flying at half-mast, and the public buildings have again assumed their mourning dress. The death of Vice President Hendricks has cast a gloom over the city which pervades every household. The news was received about six o'clock in the evening and rapidly spread, but everybody was incredulous until the newsmen were heard crying the extras. The President was at dinner when he received the news by telegram, and at once ordered Col. Lamont to dispatch a messenger to the members of the cabinet not to attend a special meeting of the cabinet at half past eight o'clock. Postmaster General Vilas and Secretary Lamar were the first to arrive and the others followed in quick succession to get the full particulars without waiting for the set hour of meeting to arrive. At the meeting it was determined that the President and his cabinet should attend the funeral in a body as a mark of the high respect in which the Vice President was held. Subsequently, pressure was brought to bear on the President to induce him to change his purpose of attending the funeral in person. It was urged that in view of the present state of affairs with no Vice President, no President of the Senate pro tempore, and the certainty of a Republican when one is chosen—the President should not expose himself to the additional dangers of a railroad journey at increased speed of some regular train notwithstanding orders and a collision as the result.

Another special train carried a committee of Senators and Members. And in anticipation of the large number of individuals leaving here to attend the ceremony the Baltimore and Ohio road extensively advertised special return tickets at \$16.

In all the churches holding Thanksgiving Day services the death of the Vice President was referred to in feeling terms and universal sympathy for his family was expressed.

Thanksgiving Day was rigorously observed here. At no time before was it so universally observed. All places of business were closed and the people thronged to the churches so that they were filled to overflowing, to offer up thanks for the many blessings they have enjoyed during the past year. Perhaps the sudden demise of the Vice President was a sharp reminder of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and caused the people to hallow in their wild race after riches and for one day pay homage to the Giver of all good things.

The President attended divine service at the Central Presbyterian Church, and spent the rest of the day in quiet at the White House.

Secretary Whitney made all the arrangements for the service of the Navy Department on Thanksgiving Day by closing the Department at 1 o'clock and presenting each employee with an order on one of our leading commission merchants for a turkey. No person who chose to avail himself of the courtesy was omitted, the highest and the humblest employee being included. The merchant being apprised several days in advance of the Secretary's intentions had laid in a big stock of the finest fowls to be had, ranging in weight from ten to twenty-five pounds and filled two hundred of the Secretary's orders.

The National Museum is a constant recipient of gifts to its already wonderful collection. The latest is a Japanese helmet presented by D. W. Zantzing. It is of silver studded with bosses of steel, ornamented with a winged dragon of brass over the visor and with a leather cape embroidered with gold and silver thread and lined with embroidered silk. The same gentleman has also presented the museum with a model of an ocean steamer, which is perfect in every detail and in excellent running order.

The annual reports of various Government officers have been coming in pretty lively. One of the most interesting to the country is that of Gov. Ioss of New Mexico. He notes the prosperity in the Territory during the past year, and recommends that Congress establish a commission similar to the California Commission which shall examine into the merits of the Spanish and American land grants. He states further that the land titles are generally as good as elsewhere, and that one drawback to the development of the country has been the impression that titles to land were bad.

The committee recently appointed by the Army of the Tennessee is hard at work in its effort to have the statue of General Rawlins removed to a more eligible site. At present it is an infrequent and neglected spot back of the White House towards the river, where few persons see it except those who particularly inquire for and search out its location. It will be remembered that General Rawlins was General Grant's Secretary of War, and died while holding that office. It is therefore thought that the most appropriate site for the statue is the esplanade in front of the new War and Navy building, and it is believed that the committee will be able to prevail on Congress to authorize the change.

Winter has fairly set in at the Capital. On Wednesday night we had snow, but not enough to be seen the next day. Everybody is moving hither and thither with a brisk step except Members of Congress who move at a dignified pace, with an air of superiority and expression of immense care resting upon their shoulders. The stores are all filling up with Xmas goods, and people looking at them with very little money in their pockets to give encouragement to the merchants. Tuesday will be a holiday with Government clerks, and it will be the day after pay day when they will be rich in the possession of glittering coins just from Uncle Sam's vaults, and as usual will spend it liberally in purchasing Xmas goods so temptingly displayed in the shop windows. There is nothing like taking time over any other route. If you are going you will save money by purchasing your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this short route and mail free.

Address, J. E. LOCKWOOD,
Kansas City, Mo.

Or, H. D. ELLIS, Ticket Agent,
31 Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn.

And the Missionary Circle.

The Seventh Missionary Circle of the South Kentucky Baptist Association met in the Baptist church of Hopkinsville on Saturday morning, Nov. 28, at 10 o'clock. Prof. J. W. Rust, Vice-President, took the chair, and J. E. Dugay acted as clerk.

Delegates presented themselves

from the following churches: Hopkinton, Concord, Mount Zear, New Ebenezer, Sinking Fork and West Mount Zear. Verbal reports from these delegates developed a growing interest on the subject of mission among the churches of the circle.

The following ministers were present and took part in the discussions: J. S. Spurlin, A. C. Dorris, A. W. Meacham, B. Manly, J. N. Prestridge and F. D. Dagg.

The importance of missions within the bounds of Bethel Association was urged by J. S. Spurlin and A. C. Dorris, who described the destitution which had come within their own observation.

The question of State Missions was discussed by J. N. Prestridge and B. Manly, who explained the workings of the Board of the General Association of Kentucky, and called special attention to those parts of the State the most needed the presence and efforts of missionaries.

A. C. Dorris and A. W. Meacham presented encouraging statements of a growing missionary spirit in the churches where they had been laboring.

The chairman having announced that the subject of Foreign Missions was next in order, J. F. Dagg spoke on Missions to South America, J. W. Rust on the prospect of a mission to Cuba, B. F. Eager on Italian Missions.

An interesting letter was read by J. N. Prestridge from Miss May Page Taylor, a daughter of Rev. Dr. G. B. Taylor, Chaplain of the University of Virginia. The subject of the letter was, Missions in Italy. As Dr. Taylor has been for several years a missionary of the Richmond Beard living in Rome, Miss Taylor is qualified to write instructively on this subject. Dr. Manly gave a sketch of the missions of the Southern Baptists Convention in Mexico, Italy, China and Africa. He spoke also of the missions of Northern Baptists in various parts of the world describing especially the now mission in the Congo Valley.

On Sunday morning, addresses were made to the Sunday School by Prof. J. W. Rust, Rev. A. W. Meacham and Dr. Manly.

At 11 o'clock, Dr. Manly preached from Mat. 9, 37, 28. His subject was "The duty of the Christian with reference to the world; need of more laborers in the Lord's harvest."

At night Dr. Manly preached a sermon on the power of faith, taking as his text, 1 John 5, 4. These two sermons were well calculated to make Christians more humble in accepting the Lord's instructions, and earnest in obeying them.

It was agreed that the next meeting of this Circle shall be at Sinking Fork church, on the 5th Saturday and Sunday in January next.

The chairman submitted the following order of exercises for the next meeting:

Associational and State missions. Discussion to be led by A. C. Dorris and E. W. Davis.

Home Mission, J. N. Prestridge and J. W. Boyd.

Foreign Mission, B. F. Eager and A. F. Williams.

Sunday School and Portage, J. O. Ferrell and Walter Graham.

Bible Class Instructor, W. L. Trice, Orphan's Home, A. W. Meacham.

Ministerial Education, J. O. Iust.

Woman's Work, J. F. Dagg.

Unity of Missions, J. W. Iust.

Constitution, J. S. Spurlin.

The member of the Hopkinton Church have been gratified to see so many of the brethren and sisters of these meetings.

CLERK.

"Time Works Wonders."

So does Brown's Iron Bitters, the true iron tonic and restorer of wasted constitutions. It is not a whiskey tincture. It enriches thin blood and gives strength to weak constitutions. It removes disordered kidneys. It invigorates torpid livers. It establishes digestion and banishes headache. It scatters chronic rheumatism and drives out dyspepsia. Mr. Dr. L. Nickum, of Springfield, Ohio, writes, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of dyspepsia, nervousness, and wakefulness." Mrs. Isabella Smith, of Bucksville, S. C., says, "I was plagued with chronic rheumatism and dyspepsia. Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of both." One dose a bottle.

The Colored people met in Convention at Lexington last week and organizing by electing W. J. Sluus as chairman. 420 delegates were present. An Executive Committee of one from each congressional district and four from the State at large was appointed. E. W. Glass, of this city, is the member of the Second District.

Resolutions were adopted favoring National and for common schools, asking increased privileges in the matter of education, also the enforcement of laws against discrimination against colored men on trains, and demanding authority to organize negro military companies. It was noticeable that the resolutions avowedly referred to the race as "negroes" and not as "colored people." An address was issued advising the race to practice economy, industry and sobriety. A graceful thing was done when the Convention sent a hand telegram of condolence to Mrs. Thos. A. Hendricks.

It is therefore thought that the most appropriate site for the statue is the esplanade in front of the new War and Navy building, and it is believed that the committee will be able to prevail on Congress to authorize the change.

Winter has fairly set in at the Capital.

On Wednesday night we had snow, but not enough to be seen the next day. Everybody is moving hither and thither with a brisk step except Members of Congress who move at a dignified pace, with an air of superiority and expression of immense care resting upon their shoulders.

The stores are all filling up with Xmas goods, and people looking at them with very little money in their pockets to give encouragement to the merchants.

Tuesday will be a holiday with Government clerks, and it will be the day after pay day when they will be rich in the possession of glittering coins just from Uncle Sam's vaults, and as usual will spend it liberally in purchasing Xmas goods so temptingly displayed in the shop windows. There is nothing like taking time over any other route. If you are going you will save money by purchasing your tickets via Memphis and the Kansas City Route. Send for large map of this short route and mail free.

Address, J. E. LOCKWOOD,

Kansas City, Mo.

Or, H. D. ELLIS, Ticket Agent,

31 Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn.

And the Missionary Circle.

The Seventh Missionary Circle of the South Kentucky Baptist Association met in the Baptist church of Hopkinsville on Saturday morning, Nov. 28, at 10 o'clock. Prof. J. W. Rust, Vice-President, took the chair, and J. E. Dugay acted as clerk.

Delegates presented themselves

"Rough on Rats."

Cleans out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

Heart Palce.

Pneumonia, Tropical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Spleenlessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corua."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corua." Isc. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corua, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Palms."

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, &c. Rough on Palm Plasters, Isc.

Mother.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nerveless, use "Wells' Health Renewer" and Druggists.

"Rough on Fingers."

Cures Piles, Hemorrhoids, Itching, Pruritus, Bleeding, Internal or other. Internal and External in one package. Sure cure, Druggists.

"R